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IN THE DELTA

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

The river country's wide and flat
And blurred ash-blue with sun,
And there all work is dreams come true,
All dreams are work begun.

The silted river made for us
The black and mellow soil
And taught us as we conquered him
Courage and faith and toil.

The river town that water-oaks
And myrtles hide and bless
Has broken every law except
The law of kindliness.

And north and south and east the fields
Of cotton close it round,
Where golden billows of the sun
Break with no shade or sound.

Dear is the town, but in the fields
A little house could be,
If built with care and auspices,
A heart's felicity.

O friend, who love not much indoors
Or lamp-lit, peopled ways,
What of a field and house to pass
Our residue of days?

We'd learn of fret and labor there
A patience that we miss
And be content content to be
Nor wish nor hope for bliss.

With the immense untrammeled sun
 For brother in the fields
 And every night the stars' crusade
 Flashing to us their shields,

We'd meet, perhaps, some dusk as we
 Turned home to well-earned rest,
 Unhurried Wisdom, tender-eyed,
 A pilgrim and our guest.

THE PINES OF LEBANON

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

Beneath the pines of Lebanon
 Your spirit walks with me—
 Since when you went for sordid gain
 You set your spirit free.

So—follow I, at Lebanon,
 My dull, appointed task.
 And no one ever speaks of you—
 And I'm too proud to ask.

But there will come an hour when
 The world will set you free—
 And you'll come back to Lebanon
 To walk and talk with me

Beneath the pines of Lebanon—
 The lonely pines of Lebanon—
 The stately pines of Lebanon.
 (God knows where I shall be!)